



A DIALOUGE BETWEE A

SCHOO MASTER & LABOURER

As I walked out on a summers morning
 Down by a pleasant green verdant shade
 The fragrant tulips & blooming roses
 Seemed enterwoven by Floras aid
 Among the bowers stood a beauteous mansion
 It s charming beauties for to behold
 There dwells a pamsel of comely s'ature
 Whom nature formed a beauteous mold
 Amongst this fair maids admirers
 There was qut two did her favor gain
 The one a teacher of arts & science
 The next by labour himself maintained
 The honor gained by those two rivals
 Both in the past & the present days
 Were well rehearred to that blooming fairmaid
 In their enchanting poetic lays
 First p ke the teacher to this glooming fairmaid
 And in great rap'nrs his love expressed
 Hail fairest creature the pride of nature
 You shot & wound'd my tender best
 To gain your favor I would range the nation
 I will venture life for my darlink's sake
 My love is loyal to you my harling
 Al I dont gaine you my heart wbl break
 next spose the labourer to this foir maid
 And she address'd her in an artless strain
 Hail fairest creature the pride of nature
 Your humble servant I now remain
 I will till your garden for you my darling
 With Jesamime it shall be entwined
 I'll maintain you better than the school master
 With all his learning & books combined
 Without my aid sain the loarned teacher
 No blooming fair maid can be secure
 I teach the Irwer his case to gain
 And am respected by rich & poor
 I teach the pastor the mass to offer
 Where the hells of glory to you are ringing
 I am not compae-e to that wretch'd labourer
 Who would often lead you with tur and dung
 In the summer time I will ti my garden
 And pull the daises before they se d
 And in the harvest I wil reap the corn
 The rich & poe I wil help to feed
 It's by manuel labour I will maintan nature
 While health & vigour with me remain
 While the schoolmaster he must endeavour
 To pulverise his barren brain
 The koight that rides in his golden chariot
 Withont some learning cannot be crown'd
 Corps Dukes & Earls sit in splendor
 By my assistance gr at honors found
 While here I am help in e timation
 The wretchep labourer is by me employed
 His nekep wife mus wor for you my parling
 And thus our pleasure is neer annoy'd
 The king's best rides to his golden chariot
 Must be omal yed by the s ade ant plough
 Lords Dukes and Earls that it in splendor
 Lives on the sweet of my humble brow
 It's by my labour I maintain nature
 From seil'morn g r se vick joy
 While the schooinmaster is always raving
 Both books and questions his brain annoy
 I own my darling your blooming features
 Made an impression pn my tender breast
 Aup while you rre absent I,m always raving
 My troubled mind can find no rest
 I want no lecture from a school master
 He may bestow them on his barefoot train
 I would rather walk thro a vv l tiled garden
 In conversatou vvith my da ling vvain